

TWO POETICAL EPISTLES, K

WITH A POSTSCRIPT,

RESPECTING THE FATES OF CLERGYMEN,

AS THEY WERE ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN,

IN THE YEAR, M.DCC.LXXVII,

WHO WAS AT THAT TIME LATELY ORDAINED:

WITH A PREFACE,

WRITTEN TOWARDS THE END OF LAST YEAR,

THAT SHEWS THEM TO HAVE BEEN INTENDED FOR PUBLICATION.

By the late Author, a Beneficed Clergyman.

Quatuor en templi portæ : sunt Sceptrigenique

Cæsaris, auriferi ; sanguinis, atque Dei.

Tertia cum primâ caris, patet altera nummis ;

Sed raro, meritis, quarta patere solet.

ANON.

C A M B R I D G E :

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ADVERTISEMENT

AS the Editor means hereafter to publish the life of his correspondent, the late Author of these Epistles; he thinks the whole of what is necessary to say at present, is : That he doubts not of their proving equally acceptable to the reader with the many antecedent productions of his friend, and that, in that case, the expence of printing them will be amply defrayed.

This indirect account of the Author's Death is premature and originated in a voluntary mistake of the Printer.

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P R E F A C E.

HAVING observed, for many years, the disrespect into which the Clergy of this nation were sinking, with the corruptions that prevailed in our external Church-policy; I had planned out some time ago a treatise on that subject, which by one thing or other I was prevented from finishing. These epistles comprehend but that argument in part. They chiefly respect those of the ecclesiastical brotherhood, whom, though the state hath separated them from secular employments (in which they possibly might have earned a comfortable subsistence) it has left unprovided with secular accommodations; I mean such as are necessary to their credit in the world, and without which I can hardly conceive a character amongst them with such bright or exact lines in it, as will be able to support itself, or its office, from contempt. There is nothing more intricate than our political disquisitions, and that because, while all will be meddling with them, from one motive or other, either of self-consequence or self-interest, there are but few that manage them with either candour or good sense: And yet am I not certain if a proposition may not be found, in which opinions, in other points widely different, will unite; that Religion is the best and ablest support of every good and faithful administration. (I might perhaps, were it necessary, go a great way further; that it is, either true or false, the *sine quâ non*, of every established government upon earth.) Now its ordinary protectors are the officiating Parish-Ministers. But then, allowing this to be the case, and supposing that such an administration, as this, had brought the nation to the pass it is in at present; I demand if, in order to retrieve its misfortunes, so far only as it could, it might not be an act of prudence in it, even at this late hour, to look into some particulars of our ecclesiastical economy, but more especially to pay some kind of attention to what becomes of the younger Clergy? Or whether it no way or other

concern it, that they live at least with possible comfort and reputation? I say the younger Clergy, as words I would hope of near sufficient latitude; and am sorry at my soul whenever it happens that an old man comes within my predicament. But if ever what I mention is to be done, then there is, I am persuaded, no time to be lost; and it should be while the fate of England, after our late apprehensions, seems, yet, thro' the mercies of Heaven, suspended. We are not without instances when the greatest Being in the universe, has repaid this contempt of his poor faithful servants, at the hands of ungrateful men, in some signal and most extraordinary manner; and indeed, in their natural consequences, he never fails to repay them. There may be, with whom this is all stale, and out of date. But whithersoever the force of this argument may tend, or though no-whither, and although these few sheets will hardly find out their way to any of those who are over our affairs; it is possible that during the winter season, while the clamours of war must necessarily subside, they will have more chance for the attention of common people. And though indeed it may be far below the characters that are injured, each of whom, as it should seem, hath his conversation in Heaven, "Ani-
"mamque reliquit in astris," to complain of whatever may befall him on this earth; yet, there is in this no kind of argument against the state of his case, as it comes represented for him by other persons, nay or that even without hopes of redress. Since who will say that it is nothing to have others condole with us, though it may happen to be out of their power to relieve us? "The tear
"that mingles with mine as it falls, its value cannot be reckoned in gold nor silver;
"and the affection that I perceive in my friend, when my heart is overwhelmed,
"if I could compare it with the idol of the interested, then let my heart never
"perceive it again."

It may not be said that the force of my argument is impaired, in that many Clergymen may be named of exceptionable characters, and widely deviating from the great lines of their duty; should these, at the same time, be found the very persons that have been best received, nay frequently, to the exclusion of good men, and this by means of their immoralities, have attained to the fairest distinctions in the Church: which will be seen to correspond with my supposition.

As

P R E F A C E.

v

As to what is complained of and censured in these epistles, I must confess that I have rather become acquainted with it from others, on whom indeed I could very well depend, than altogether my own experience.

But, though, as a Clergyman, in discharging my parochial duties, I acknowledge that I have met with no particular hardships, that “no temptations have befallen me but such as are common, *οὐδὲν τὰ αὐτὰ τῇ ἐν κόσμῳ ἀβλαβότητι ἐπιτίμιασθαι*,” yet, herein, have I not either lived so free from afflictions, or enjoyed such a continual succession of good health, as to set up for a champion in the cause I espouse without a previous discipline. Indeed the general circumstances of unbeneficed clergymen (if, at least, there be one grain of truth in my lines) will produce them at all times this kind of advantage; and, for my own part, my fortunes had exhibited but one face, been all comprised in one humble but regular scene, in which was no violation of UNITY, till some time after these Epistles were finished. Add to this then, with respect to the circumstance of health, that if there be any foundation for what one person asserts, “*Delicatam quandam rem esse ægritudinem, quæ nihil mediocre, nihil vulgare recipit patiturve*,” inferring thence that sick people will write better than others, these my verses will aspire, at least, above the curse of mediocrity; and I may presume that none will be much dissatisfied with them, except the few that may consider themselves as animadverted upon in them. As to these indeed, after allowing them to be a little out of humour, I may remind them of an apology of a witty writer, and I think it was Mr. Fielding, in a similar case: “That his characters bore a striking resemblance to a warehouse, in which were hung up for sale several suits of clothes; and that, although it was impossible for the maker to foresee who might, or might not, prove chapmen, and consequently to have taken measure, yet might any person pick out a suit that would fit him.” And though I cannot but hope, wherever it happens that the self-same habiliments may suit more than one, that there may be no kind of squabble who shall have them; yet cannot I help but still consider them as a kind of common property, or like lands to be disposed of by that arbiter the sword, viz. in that they are *ἐν μέσῳ κτερίσματα*.

After

After all, I must own, that there are characters, in these epistles, of a cast and complexion very different from these, and for which this apology cannot be made, since however faint those colours are in which I have drawn them, however faithless to my design and purpose, yet, being in themselves peculiar and circumscribed, they have nothing of that vague denomination I speak of, and can belong to none but those for whom I formed them: So far am I from endeavouring to exculpate my offence, or even to palliate my presumption in this, that I openly then avow it, and sue for indulgence. But a friend of mine has lately put into my hands a Latin poem (which I think indeed a most excellent one, and wonder that I never before had seen it) of about the same length with mine, and to which mine may, very well, serve as a counter part; I should say, perhaps, in the language of heraldry, COUNTER-SALIENT: The writer was well known in the literary world; and may I venture to quote but a single sentence out of his preface? "Scriptor," says he, "Patronum quero, Sacerdos Paroecialis Episcopum"; and then, having said something more particularly de Patrono illo quaesito, he adds, "Vide quorum nostra tendit ambitio!" The poem I speak of is itself intitled SACERDOS PAROECIALIS, and was written many years ago by the late Doctor Burton. It might suffice to say, that my class and situation in life, are the same that this excellent man was then placed in. But even this may be deemed a circumstance that should be mentioned more particularly; and, that justice may be done to my publication, it may be so; I will, therefore, venture to add to it the subsequent remark: That, as I am at this time in the number of those Clergymen who may be considered as provided for in the Church, and removed out of the reach of any of those malicious circumstances, some of which might else appear to be mentioned with too much acrimony; I have been above the temptation of exhibiting to the world any character whatever, either as good or bad, any otherwise than as it struck me. Why then should I scruple to speak out upon a subject which, although 'tis avowedly, to every one, interesting, is what either my predecessors have, in their humble state, through modesty, never engaged in, or when preferred, have shamefully neglected? And though at the time I undertook to write these epistles, I confess that I myself was in the former class; yet, so long as the danger of misconstruction continued, have I patiently forbore to make them public.

It

It is here then, at length, I am free to declare, what I possibly may now be believed in, that there is not a line in them, though satiric in their nature, which may, candidly, be construed into lampoon; as there was nothing, censorious, admitted either personal or even local; nothing but what may too safely be said of many persons, in most places, and with an equal propriety; and much less is there any thing that may be deemed unhandsonely, as particularly, allusive to my own parochial district. Though indeed it is but a sketch, of what might be written on the subject; nay perhaps of what, hereafter, will be written.

It may possibly be necessary, to the understanding of some things in the first four and twenty lines of the First Epistle, to have read the History of the Church under the Roman Emperors, and particularly under Constantine the Great. There is another passage, which will be more clearly comprehended by those who have perused the address to Mr. Mason, which was published many years ago at Cambridge, on the subject of poetical imitation. As to what is said of a number of young Clergymen at Bassett's Levee, in the disguise of Jewish Rabbins, in their sackcloth and ashes, it cannot well be misunderstood, but by whoever have not seen that gentleman's advertisements in the daily papers: He either is, or lately was, a Divinity Broker, in the environs of Bloomsbury; tho' far from the only one, or I know not if even the most noted, of his profession. It is therefore, perhaps, scarcely worth observing, that even the very mention of this man, by name, may not be deemed to clash with my allegation respecting personal remarks: And what is observed of bad characters, must be construed of general ones; while the good ones, as 'tis observed, are particular. In the Second Epistle, I have said something of Ganganelli: some beautiful volumes have been given us for his, perhaps not impolitically; but we owe them to another pen. The passage concerning simoniacal contracts is allusive to the motto in the title page. As to the mention made of Caliphs, Magi, Mustis, and the rest, I mean it simply as an implication of that esteem they received, in the several times or climes they lived in; it contains a just and melancholy censure against those who profess, indeed, the genuine Religion, yet can afford for its advocates, with such backwardness and ill will, not even ordinary accommodations. It may further be due to the author of the two distichs which

which I have chosen to prefix to this essay, to acknowledge that the first paragraph in the postscript is no more than an imitation of them: but, although they suffer, indeed, a very considerable metamorphosis, there are surely some persons who will scarce be offended; if it be only out of respect to the new patron whom I have given them, to supply the one that is lost. And there is one passage more it may be needful to mention, alluding to the absurdity of those eleemosynary establishments, the appropriated fellowships in universities; which there are some readers will think of too light a cast.

There is a well-written Pamphlet, which about the time I wrote these lines made its appearance in print, under the title of *The Curate of Craman*; but which, I can safely say, I had not even, then, heard of, and from which since I have seen it I have not borrowed one single hint, tho' my sentiments and the Author's in some points coincide. These Epistles I began and finished within a fortnight; and wrote, frequently, between fifty and sixty verses in a day. As to the time of their date, it will be seen to have been prior, tho' but a little while, to that of the Papist Act. And I will here take the liberty of subjoining a few lines, which (tho' they once had obtained a place in my performance, and have been obliged to give it up to some others, more of a piece with the whole) may not prove quite unacceptable, as a detached fragment. They are on the subject of the Roman Catholic Religion, and will not I hope be construed into personal prejudice against any of the members of that Community; as I have at all times accepted of those terms on which they chose that I should live amongst them; I mean ostensible civility and specious good-neighbourhood. But if more than this has been shewn me by any of them (as I am ready to acknowledge there has been) may I not be allowed to thank their good nature, in preference to the purity or mercy of their faith?

CELESTIAL truth, a long expected guest

In this benighted planet, thine confess!

Advancing, she dispell'd the gloom away,

And op'd the realms of everlasting day.

But came she then so quickly to return,

And leave a wond'ring world again forlorn?

Henceforth

P R E F A C E.

ix

Henceforth with slaves at monkish ease to dwell,
Herself enslav'd, and shut up in a cell;
From whence no single ray shall ever break,
To lead us where to find her, how to seek!

I own, of all the quarrels that arise,
I know not one, that I like this despise.
Yet ill can Bulls and many a popish lie
Perform religion's errand from the sky.
I cannot bear my holy faith to see
Perverted into knavish policy:
A mere state engine, wickedly design'd,
By wily tyrants, to enslave mankind.
So brief, yet plain, the tenets of my creed,
That all may learn 'em, and who runs may read.
And, if, by whom salvation may be gain'd,
Has briefly, by the giver, been explain'd,
I need not many tests; my only test
Is His, and His apostles', hence the best:
"Believe you me, and does that faith appear,
"In blameless conduct, honest and sincere?"

I own, indeed, thrice happy could I see
All human kind, in ev'ry point, agree,
And when Messiah's kingdom shall, at last,
Be seen triumphant, and its sufferings past,
I trust the good, how'er dispers'd, may join,
And in this wish'd-for union shall combine.
For there no clashing systems will perplex,
Whom no divided interests e'er shall vex.
No priestly hand shall bind, with awful pains,
Opposing natures, in these cruel chains.
These modes of faith, like visions of the night,
Shall all disperse, before the rising light.

For here, tho' infinite mistakes accrue,
As unavoidable, nay wilful too;

P R E F A C E.

No foul mistakes, for none, we, there, shall find;
As imperfections will remain behind.

Yet as, in sublunary scenes, we meet

No two opinions that are *indiscrete**;

As points, my friend, I possibly have spied,

In which e'en your's and mine scarce coincide,

More than our faces; keep, I pray, your own,

On this condition, but on this alone:

That you shall ne'er to purging flames consign

This weakly fabrick, to extirpate mine;

Nor yet with racks my freeborn thoughts controul,

E'en tho' you tell me, 'twere to save my soul.

And as for those who still these points contest,

I crave their silence, and in peace to rest:

As going further than my faith can reach,

Tho' they from rising sun to setting preach.

If after all, one general faith was meant,

Allow me but my test, I still consent.

Removing this, communion they destroy;

The grand apostates, then, are they, not I.

'Tis they disclaim the laws enjoin'd of Heav'n,

And say who follow them are unforgiven:

To Heaven I bow, reveal'd aware its will;

Tho' not of them, a faithful Christian still.

* This is an instance, in which our Author has fallen himself into a fault, which I frequently have heard him reprehend in Mr. Dryden; yet is the only one I find in the whole performance, that, so far as my opinion goes with respect to it, can justify what he says to me in the two subsequent verses. This fault is, if it be one, that of adopting Latin words in the ORIGINAL and LITERAL sense, in preference to that in which they are commonly made use of in our language; namely the TRANSLATED one, or Metonymy; which he thought had a bad effect in any other than blank verse. Whether this preface had his last hand or not, I am not able to say; but there is a writer, it is HALL, who makes use of the word DISCRETE, in the same kind of way, and with the same difference in the spelling. This is a passive word, but in our common acceptation, taken actively, for MISCAUTING, that is distinguishing between one thing and another with precision, so comes to signify nearly the same with PRUDENT, and INDISCREET the reverse.

THE EDITOR.

To

To trace them down thro' ev'ry maze and double,
 Would steal my time and ill requite my trouble:
 Avaunt then with their symbols, councils too;
 And hence to all their pious frauds adieu!

The only condition of salvation to the baptized, as our Saviour himself was pleased to leave it with his own disciples in his last commission to them, immediately before his ascension into heaven, is Faith; and the apostolic test of this, is Moral Works. "He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved." Mark, chap. xvi. ver. 16.; and James, in chap. ii. ver. 18. says, "I will shew thee my faith by my works." So simple, so pure, and so intelligible is the religion of genuine Christianity; as we behold it in that form, in which its Author and his Apostles originally left it!

But it is time that I finish this Preface; or what remains for me to signify may only seem to be this: That in an age abounding with Critics in Literature, of every trade and employment, I shall offer no reply to such objections as any Critic whatever shall make; unless he bring me a certificate signed by creditable witnesses (I had almost said by the Curate of his parish) that he by no means is guilty of any crime I have endeavoured to expose in these Epistles. Tho' I am far from saying, but that Pertness and Ignorance may now and then seem too strong for even Learning to contend with, and may therefore assume a superiority over her, nay even arrogate the tribunal at which she must stand arraigned; yet am I well persuaded that the CANDID READER will not wish to insult and injure the fair cause of Truth: nor, should even the LITERARY CENSOR, himself, think it ill supported, will he desire still to weaken it with illiberal remarks; so may turn his resentment (in the way that is pointed out for him by the author of Edge-hill*) to fitter objects. I will, therefore, by no means make the above declaration; chusing rather what heretofore has frequently been cited on occasions like this:

"Vive, vale: si quid novisti rectius istis,

"Candidus imperti: si non his utere mecum."

I have heard that Religion was the first subject of poetry, and I think it still the fittest, and the best; and, if so, I at least am thus far in the right.

* The passage is a beautiful digression in a School-scene.

THE ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE THE FIRST.

THE address. The state of religion (namely, the Christian) in its infancy. Two objections against it answered. The writer comes to the present age, and the religion of this country; which is asserted to be preferable to that of others: at the same time that the reception its professors experience is, very highly, reprehensible. That the original cause and fountain of this misconduct, is commerce. The difficulty of arriving at ecclesiastical preferments by fair and honest means, with some unfair and dishonest ones implicitly exposed: And, though noble exceptions to this point may be found, that their number is but small, and so cannot have much weight. The distresses young clergymen often meet with in London, represented in a scene at a Divinity Broker's; with some other of those resources to which they frequently betake themselves, in order to rise in their profession, branded. This epistle closes with an invocation to the Deity, and a transition to the scene of the second.

EPISTLE THE FIRST.

THOUGH to the churchman of these evil days,
Firm to his trust, the goodliest marks of praise
Shine in reversion ; has EUGENIO seen
Those fearful brakes perplex the road between ?
One lesson here, my kinsman, still remains,
That masters teach not ; but these friendly strains.

Religion, long descended from the skies,
Had back to homeward lift her weary eyes ;
Her martyrs flam'd, and lakes of human blood
Imbru'd the reeking soil, where'er she trod.
Her candid bosom gor'd had ever borne
The painful cross, her brows the platted thorn.
'Twas thus distress imperial bounty found,
Reliev'd her sinking, heal'd her many a wound ;
With watchful care protected from the storm,
And cloath'd in better garb her heav'nly form.

The time would fail me, and the millionth page,
T' unfold the scenes of many an after age ;

Or

Or how, midst Huns, Goths, Alans, and the rest,
 Where'er she sojourn'd, far'd this heav'n-born guest;
 If uninspir'd your friend might bring to light
 Things almost hidden in surrounding night,
 But what, if some, amid the various crowd,
 Before the cross, or crozier, blindly bow'd?
 Contemn we Him who, for all human kind,
 His holy spirit on that cross resign'd?
 Or him, the guardian of his lambs, who leads
 To milder climates, and more fertile meads?

Nor is it more, that not alone from foes,
 But friends divided, early mischiefs rose.
 Religion, still, the self-same aspect wears,
 Tho' what is human imperfection bears.
 We know in part, and hence dissensions rise,
 For men made perfect are above the skies.

But, hence, the bard in faithful tints displays,
 Each just criterion of more modern days:
 What is, not where the dayspring's risen light
 Is wrapt in superstition's endless night;
 But what, where true devotion seems to smile,
 With cloudless brow, in Albion's favour'd Isle.

Between the Ganges and that mournful shore
 First reeks inglorious with Britannia's gore,
 Where as in vain, the land old Ocean laves,
 Pure suns have redden'd! o'er his western waves;

I know

EPISTLE THE FIRST.

13

I know not where in so unstained a guise
This noble guest asserts her native skies.
Yet where so sadly have the priesthood mourn'd
Their heav'nly ambassage contemn'd and scorn'd?
Of ev'ry knave, and foolish ape, the jest;
No wit is wanting, speak but of a priest.

Nor has there ever, ever been a time
So justly censur'd for this hateful crime.

To such a crime, say, would you have me tell,
What motives lead us, or what stars impel?
What one age vice, the next a virtue deems:
In error both; since both are in extremes.
From this to that we flee: the golden mean
Lies all the while, quite unobserved, between.
Here batten'd superstition, and the state
Was groaning underneath an useless weight;
While many an abbot has been seen to crave
For other wealth than that beyond the grave:
Well were it, if, when once the weary land
Receiv'd its freedom from a sov'reign's hand,
Some saving clause had been, withal, assign'd,
Some *ne-plus-ultra* happily subjoin'd.
But commerce, now, his tyrant reign began:
And what for filthy lucre will not man?
Ask, ye who doubt, of Dutchmen at Japan.

(No

(No distance, where our sails remain'd unfurl'd;
No creek unttempted, round the subject world.)
Or what, if chaste had been th' advent'rer's gains,
Nor steep'd with blood the produce of his pains;
For which, unaw'd, thro' earth, and seas he run,
And robb'd the rising, and the setting sun:
Yet, who shall ever purge away the crimes,
That these gave birth to, in succeeding times?
When luxury, deriv'd from traffic's tide,
Spreads, like a fatal deluge, far and wide;
Saps ev'ry virtue, drowns each nobler care,
And leaves the Britons among those that were!
No feature sav'd, or vestige, whence to trace
The pristine glories of that ancient race.
And will you tell me of the gains we boast,
For what we long were losing, long have lost?
Some ill refinements, that impede the force
Of warring nature, and have chang'd her course.
These nice fastidious palates, with decay
Of native strength, and vigour worn away.
Poor ancient faith her downy pinions tries,
And seeks a shelter under distant skies!
What high mysterious bus'ness then have you,
Forlorn religion, with so vile a crew?
Shall her celestial banquets lure a taste,
So weak, so far estrang'd, and so debas'd?
Ne'er half so pleas'd, as when without controul,
Fed with each vice that charms the weaken'd soul.

You

You hence discern the Clergy's destin'd fare;
And hence those honours they, in common, share,

"Yet, there are other consolations." True.
But whence expect that they remain for you?
Whose father, when alive, no lessons gave,
To bribe your conscience, if you play'd the knave:
Who not a female of your kin can find,
For fordid gains, to basest wills resign'd:
Whom heav'n, withal, has plac'd in low estate,
Quite unconnected with the rich and great.
If none of these fair titles are your own,
What wonderful events your vows will crown!
Content let others carry on their shield
Their 'sleeples argent, on a fable field!"

This plaintive topic, still, as I pursue,
A thousand scruples to your mind accrue.
And, "Cease, Archilochus, this cruel strain,"
Perhaps you say, "Lycambes turns your brain!"
I know there are, and living too, for whom,
To bind their brows, immortal honours bloom,
And crown their peerless worth; whose cheering smile
Could ev'ry task in virtue's path beguile.
Once humble men themselves, perhaps distress'd,
They pity those with equal fortunes press'd:
And, surely, knew they but my case!" There are,
Who, if they knew you, might relieve my care.

C

And

And yet, could panegyric suit these days,
 Or notes of satire mix with those of praise;
 Altho' there be, who this Iambic rage,
 These Parian measures, doubtless, might assuage;
 Their very virtues we with grief defery,
 Like streaks of gold upon a fable fly!

'Tis rarely that we see a Thurcastone,
 Exchange its pastor with the British throne.

There are, when things can hardly become worse,
 Who seem to see the mournful gloom disperse.
 Auspicious prelates meet their wishful eyes,
 Nor less auspicious Abethdins arise;
 Who could aloof with piercing ken pervade,
 Were modest merit there, the thickest shade,
 And could allure it thence! A truce to these;
 I build no castles on contingences:
 So small, that me not e'en a Turnalaw's eye
 Could in this humble hermitage espy.

Yet left, in truth's fair cause, I still appear
 Beyond the bounds of truth itself severe;
 Too fond of censure, while the age displays,
 With all its crimes, the noblest themes of praise:
 Can fell disease, I plead, so change a face,
 But that, the shrouded semblance as I trace,

I spy

EPISTLE THE FIRST.

49

I spy some feature that survives the rest,
Intomb'd around it, and still stands confess?
When hist'ry holds her great examples forth,
In men of godlike eminence and worth,
'Tis ne'er to prove the goodness of the times,
That they have liv'd in, but the mighty crimes;
And, in some nobler picture, view the ground
They singly flood on, and 'tis darkness round!
If not an executioner, at hand,
Speaks from the canvass, and condemns the land!

For those, at this day, whom a happier fate,
The palm alone of merit, seems to wait;
Above the level their examples rise,
And hence no proof, on either side, applies.
'Twas He the injustice of the age controul'd,
Who cast their talents in a better mould!
Who all their offices on earth decreed,
Reserv'd for each th' inviolable meed.
And O! where such a character displays
Its rare attractions, I may change my lays,
And tune my willing voice to softer sounds of praise!

For ne'er, tho' lost upon th' unletter'd swain,
Think heav'n such faculties had form'd in vain;
Or old Emanuel, through years, improv'd
The future fortunes of a son belov'd.

'Twas ne'er with rude uncultur'd souls to dwell,
 He bade his friend and Cam's green banks farewell.
 That sacred spot! where many a summer's day,
 On pinions oft reprov'd, had stole away.
 They lay on rose-beds! while the muses bound
 The greenest laurels, and their temples crown'd.
 But tho' no longer, as new scenes remain
 (Yon lonesome vill, and Legicestrian plain!)
 If some few years less pleasing be decreed
 Those golden classic periods to succeed;
 Ah why, too much, for scenes like these repine,
 Which, long adorn'd, he nobly may resign?
 Far other labours, unforeseen, may claim
 His varied cares, nay, still extend his fame:
 So future sov'reigns may resume the sway
 Of happier kingdoms, ready to obey.

And here, as *extra terminos*, ere yet
 We these delightful seats of science quit,
 O tell me, can I but recall with tears
 Another colleague of his youthful years?
 Lamented ALLEN! who but knew him, who
 But, loving, wept his fate, that, ever, knew?
 And what shall I? whose hopes, for ever cross'd,
 With him first flourish'd, and with him were lost!
 Had heav'n thought otherwise, he now had shar'd,
 Such as this world could give, some high reward;

And

EPISTLE THE FIRST

21

And you these lines had either ne'er perus'd,
Or, after his correcting hand, excus'd,
But hush, obtruding sorrows! why should I,
With selfish grief, recall him from the sky?
Where, as we trust, eternal bliss repays
His light afflictions, and by far outweighs!

Enough, these lays his yet surviving friend
(O may he late survive him!) not offend;
While future scenes his anxious thoughts engage,
And speak him father of an happier age:
Rais'd in the worst of times to mend those times,
And heal a kingdom of its baneful crimes.

But whom the next have courts, or kings, to claim,
Of such transcendent and unsullied fame?
I know but one, on whose pontific brows
The priestly crown thus elevated shows.
'Tis He, who best may claim the muse's lays,
Fit pleasing subject of the poet's praise,
The mitre's ornament in better days!
Whose ancient honours o'er his rev'rend head,
Long since matur'd, a milder glory shed.
Their weight fix passing lustres has he born,
And seen the cold Saturnian star return!
And why dissemble those he early bore,
In youthful prime, on Granta's flow'ry shore?

Let

Let him in senates, or in schools preside,
 The gentlest magistrate, the safest guide:
 The certain friend of truth and worth alone;
 Rever'd while present, and desir'd when gone.
 Hail then, where still, in Academus' groves,
 By K—ne frequented, heav'n-born science roves,
 Much envied youths, and happy still to claim
 His mild protection, and rebound his fame.

You say, my task I labour to pursue,
 Or else, you think, one couplet more were due;
 For him, to Carysfort so near allied,
 And those in councils chosen to preside,
 In virtues equal. Modesty beseems
 A bard unfit for elevated themes:
 If she to reason, haply, may reduce
 A vain licentious humour once let loose.
 Or Arn—d, Vy—e, and H—chl—ff might intreat
 My swelling crime, nay primates plead for peace.

In this uncertain and revolving state,
 Where heav'n assigns to every thing its date,
 Some brighter epochas rise up to view,
 When learning bore its price and honours too:
 No nobler token could ambition crave,
 Than that Palladian crown fair science gave!
 I read some hallow'd page, and then, deplore
 Those memorable periods are no more!

Now,

Now, learn'd or ignorant, go where you will,
One fate, with few exceptions, meets you still.

Remote from pow'r, and sick of woods and fields,
How many burn to prove what London yields!
Where happier lights in shining orbits roll,
Inviting prospects lure the youthful soul!
And, while the poor Micyllus wealthy seems,
Who, at his peril, would molest his dreams?
Were I, then, in my senses, to display
The scenes at Basset's on a levee-day?
His day the Jew's and Saturn's: but would you,
Like Nicodemus, join the weekly crew?
Unshorn, in garbs full saturnine to boot,
For half-pay service, lo, they urge their suit!
"And could they sloop so low! how mean a crowd!"
Them cold and hunger had already bow'd.
"But some have risen!" Will Eugenio, then,
For either party take in hand his pen?
Retail the knowledge that he learnt at school,
In service of some noble knave or fool?
Cry down the just and good, extol the base,
And still preserve a smooth and even face?
Rare produce, Chesterfield, thy morals bring!
Why point where D— is dangling in a string?
For similar compliances and pains,
The golden stall, or gibbet, still remains.
You start! and wish to make some spot your own,
Far, far from London, in a country town.

In

In scenes like these should heav'n your fortunes cast,
 Let, then, this pray'r be still your first and last;
 Ere yet th' unspotted soul with cares engross'd,
 Or, sunk to sleep, is in oblivion lost:
 (Type of that rest we want, but ne'er shall have,
 Till shut up in the chambers of the grave!)

" O thou, who didst 'mid scenes of tumult throw
 " My chequer'd fortunes in this world below,
 " Be thou (whom have I else?) my faithful friend,
 " And lead me safely to my journey's end;
 " So, when, to me, this busy round shall cease,
 " My exit shalt thou crown with lasting peace!

" And yet, whilst here I sojourn, gracious heaven,
 " Teach me t'enjoy the little thou hast given;
 " How with few friends, plain meals, and homely drefs,
 " Ne'er to despise, nor make that little less:
 " So, while my betters pass in triumph by,
 " I'll gaze without a wish, without a sigh.

" But O should'st thou extend my length'ning stage
 " Down to the utmost reach of mortal's age;
 " When death's cold hand, my sick'ning sun near down,
 " Has o'er these locks his silv'ry hoar-frost thrown,
 " Shrunk these tried sinews, and subdued their force,
 " And ev'ry languid faculty grows worse;
 " When this warm blood that now, 'mid ev'ry strife,
 " And all those mischiefs that embitter life,

" Spurns

- " Spurns at the danger, and my soul sustains,
 " Frozen shall creep along the wither'd veins ;
 " (Ere yet untwin'd the silver cord shall fail,
 " Or time's rude hand the golden bowl affail :)
 " At those sad moments, O be thou my guide,
 " And o'er my fortunes, as my deeds, preside.
 " Let not my aged back be forc'd to bow
 " To tinsel greatness, and religion's foe ;
 " Nor hang, where faithless promises beguile,
 " My hopes of daily bread upon a smile ;
 " A wretched slave through life, and one for whom
 " No Saturnalian sabbaths ever come !
 " But long, oh ! long ere that time send a friend,
 " And I will bless, and rev'rence, Him you send."

But lo (we trace their steps) a group of swains,
 And yon fair village, on Silurian plains !

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END OF THE FIRST EPISTLE.

D

The

EPISTLE THE SECOND.

THE ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE THE SECOND.

WHAT young Clergymen must look for if placed in the country. Their universally poor circumstances, and obnoxious situations. The distresses they meet with in those parishes, that abound with persons bigoted in the Romish persuasion: Some of the principles of this faith touched on. Many other of those mischiefs that beset them held forth. The improbability of their advancement: either from any assiduity in the discharge of their duty, or indeed by any means that can easily consist with it. Yet, in all situations, whence they must look for consolation; from the approaching rewards of an eternal world.

EPISTLE THE SECOND.

TH' ethereal sun, where hidden tramits lie
Thro' heav'n's high-way, in splendor mounts the sky!
When, lo! too nigh some dark disastrous sphere,
His golden disk begins to disappear!
Shorn of his glory, shall he, still, be seen,
Fair in defection, and with worlds between!

'Tis thus, you seem to say, by envy press'd,
That virtue, through all fortunes, shines confest.

Celestial virtue, and that humbler crown,
They wove to bind her brows, my verse hath shown
How sadly suff'ring at the first: and how
She fares in proud imperial cities, now.
To these adieu! A diff'rent scene remains:
Yon milk-white flocks, and shepherds of the plains!
If she from hostile towns, and tumult, stray'd,
May, still, expect us in the sylvan shade;
And, while her eyes intent on heav'n are found,
With nought but fair Arcadian pastures round!
O favour, then, that zeal her cause requires;
Nor slight those numbers that herself inspires.

Var. l. 1. 2. Th' unwearied sun, where hidden tramits lie,
Performs his radiant course along the sky!

Of all who in religion's cause engage,
 To wield her banners, and her battles wage,
 Wastes one his life in these obscure retreats,
 Whose thankless labour with its pittance meets?
 No mean satellite of some big bashaw;
 Whose frown might kill him, and whose nod is law!
 I knew the man that, once, all this possess'd,
 He, tho' not rich, was moderately blest;
 The learned lov'd him, and the good carell'd:
 Had he, with such distinguish'd fortunes crown'd,
 No fierce disciple of Bellarmin found;
 Full soon to dash vain hopes, and sow dissensions round.
 This holy maniac loaths his daily food,
 And beads will number, till he spills his blood!
 He seems at peace! but, couch'd the fatal dart,
 The lion, still, is rampant in his heart!
 You, much too near him, hold at will your breath,
 And sleep secure, within the shade of death!
 But ancient cores ne'er heal within his breast;
 A deep and sullen foe, tho' not confess:
 Your foe the greatest, when you think him least!
 Ah, why for him, then, sleep th'indulgent laws,
 Who thinks old Satan's is Religion's cause!

Such once was C***L*H***N, such was too,
 Amidst his hoodwink'd minions, M*****;
 Till reason, long to servile bondage doom'd,
 Her claim asserted, and her sway resum'd.

Ah

Ah me, whoever may their labours trace,
 How luckless will he find our human race!
 How many an age had they in darkness lain,
 For delegated crimes to suffer pain;
 As if the sphere, eccentric, had been hurl'd
 To some neglected corner of the world,
 Beyond its own aphelion! Piteous heaven,
 At length, pronounc'd this abject race forgiven.
 But many an age, each cheerless as the last,
 Had first, in toilsome sad succession, past;
 While clinging close to their congenial clod,
 They seem'd scarce risen from the ground they trod:
 Ere death his harsh imperial summons gave,
 And call'd them, hopeless, back into the grave!
 So low, so wretched was the lot of man,
 Till years of alter'd signature began.
 A chosen tribe in oriental climes
 Alone beheld, far off, those happier times!
 Yet th' Eastern star had scarce illum'd the skies,
 Ere causeless fears, and jealousies arise:
 With some, a bearded meteor near at hand
 Had shook its baleful terrors o'er the land;
 While others were aggriev'd, that, unconfin'd,
 It shone, so like the sun, on all mankind.
 This purer light is our's alone, they cried,
 Th' exclusive title we will ne'er divide;
 In vain by time assail'd, or angry skies,
 For these that rock, 'tis built upon, defies!

But

But sure, should rivals urge their weak pretence,

Not seas of blood should expiate their offence.

O when shall truth become a welcome guest

On this vile earth; or, even where profess'd,

From this ignoble bondage be releas'd?

Perhaps in some still happier age and clime,

In latest annals of succeeding time,

Fair truth may claim this UNIVERSAL sway,

And all the world one dutious homage pay.

Meanwhile, if e'er, in scenes below the skies,

That wide-extending epithet applies,

Sure sin and death may claim it for their own,

For these, we know, are catholic, alone.

Nor laws do they, nor useless tenets bind,

To shackle reason, and enslave mankind:

Yet faith in these, what heretic denies,

Or lives that rebel can their sway despise;

Who knows, from subjugated earth, that they

Have twice three thousand ages swept away?

Spoil'd of its tenets, from the first to last,

And all their petty governments laid waste?

Fell Sov'reigns unannointed, yet confess;

With whom no sceptred Satrap may contest!

Tremendous force! that he who rules the whole,

Alone almighty, can alone controul!

But say to whom Jehovah then has given

To bound or abrogate the laws of Heaven?

To

EPISTLE THE SECOND.

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To cancel crimes, or criminal consume;
 And sign, as mortmain, his eternal doom?
 To bind a sinner, or if bound release;
 And seal, ere judg'd, his everlasting peace?
 The dead, himself a mortal man, to save,
 And rob those realms that lie beyond the grave?
 Himself imperfect, as salvation's heir,
 And yet with virtues plenty, and to spare?
 A slave to one of lowly birth confess,
 Who never kingdom upon earth possess'd;
 And yet himself at once to rule the whole,
 And all the kingdoms upon earth controul?
 To wave his banners o'er that royal dome,
 O'erlooks the topmost hill of ancient Rome;
 And then to tell you, in gigantic tone,
 Imperial Rome and th'Universe are one:
 His fair Palatinate, and his alone?
 To stem the stream of things, their laws revise;
 And intercept the sun; and fell the skies?
 The risen day within its bounds confine,
 O'er which the golden sun must never shine?
 To speak, if heretic, the good accurf'd,
 While venial pray'rs may sanctify the worst?
 Stupendous truly! could I once but find
 Such high and mighty faculties assign'd,
 Such passing privilege! I might, with ease,
 Pin safest faith on arguments like these:

Nor

Nor wish to see that cause I wish to plead
From popish bulls and popish fetters freed :
But think religion best within her veil,
And strive myself to get within the pale.

Still, who is this, that in the rolls of fame
Would fain inscribe a Ganganelli's name ;
Officious to bestud the triple crown
With gems of purest lustre, not its own ?
He sacred flames beheld for Baal rise,
And, with Elijah's, mingling in the skies !

How little do some priests of high comport,
Who loiter in the sunshine of a court,
Suspect those gath'ring evils that invade,
(So much themselves at ease !) the silent shade !
Those various evils we, their sons, endure ;
Those various evils they could, only, cure.
Do guardian laws in vain their aid require ?
And must they, long lethargic, next expire ?
Italian fires have late forgotten lain,
And shall we needs rekindle them again ?
Ah me, should once those mournful scenes return,
Themselves, the most secure, the first may burn !

But lest, from num'rous fountains ill at ease,
You soon may say, why only warn'd of these ?

I see

I see religion's foes on ev'ry side,
On whom heroic virtue may be try'd ;
This various duty calls me to engage
With all conditions, and with ev'ry age :
Observe, Eugenio, who this faith defend,
With multifarious mischiefs must contend.
For in what form, or shape, resides the dunce,
But hates the whole fraternity at once ?
No jealous wretched pedant, who for fame
Scholastic stickles and enrolls his claim ;
No table-friend, of characters accurs'd
The very meanest, and the very worst,
Of news and scandal teeming with his load,
And pregnant hank'rings for his festive toad ;
But will, to pull you down, forge ready lies :
For this perform'd they reign supremely wise ;
Supremely blest enjoy the meals not theirs ;
And sweeter fame, of which no brother shares.
Oh, let the village, hamlet, or the town,
Where'er you go, no pest like this have known :
Or quarantine have done, for many a mile,
To purge the air, and heal the blasted soil !
Else, not a hag or beldam you can meet,
But shall assault you in the public street :
Weave dædal factions, and, were you a saint,
Your form in tints as black as midnight paint.

"What then at enmity with all?" with all;
If this what universal you may call:
Where fool, fop, zealot, gossip, fidler, Jew,
Shall meet all friends (a nameless, graceless crew)
And wage a formidable war with you.

But is there one, some dire, disastrous lout,
Priest, prophet, king of all the revel-rout;
Some *arbiter-bibendi*, mighty seen
At alehouse festival, or bowling-green:
His only festivals these high repasts,
Their sad succeeding days his only fasts?
I take my faithful picture from what I,
Go where I will, am able to descry.
Who not the archetype, at once, avows?
Th' attending train what novice but allows?
Those motly myrmidons around him fit,
To swill his liquor, and admire his wit!
You must with caution emulate his fame;
The wise, themselves, refoimd his loud acclaim!
But what in others envied love creates,
His abject spirit shuns, condemns and hates.
What then shall virtues, become crimes, atone?
They turn him, like a gorgon, into stone!
Hence all your dearly-earnt and honest praise,
You know not how, insensibly decays.

Infernal

Infernal whispers, now, your fame assail
At ev'ry point, and many a murd'rous tale;
By wanton fots contriv'd, o'er cups of ale.
But who may trace each ill this fount supplies,
As o'er your wide parochial bounds it flies?
From this, you nothing shall of human claim,
So verily a monster, save the name:
And that such victors may their triumph crown,
One half shall flee, the other hunt you down.

I, born too late, may wish, in vain, restor'd
Those golden days, historic pens record;
When happier bards to sweeter sounds, of praise,
Were found at leisure to attune their lays:
Or I might make far other themes my choice,
And raise, like them, to loftier notes my voice.
For sure unpleasing, still, are those of satire,
And grating, e'en exempt from all ill-nature.

But have you ne'er injurious pity seen,
To false concern, that kills, a witness been;
Or heard of wounds by hateful cowards given,
By conscious midnight and the eye of heaven
Alone attested? then you never knew
The deeds that, angel-guis'd, some foes will do:
Foremost, though still unseen, in all that's evil;
Iscaiot-like, smooth servants of the devil.

Such foes as wear at once, equipt for all,
A face of candour, with a heart of gall.

Perhaps, in sermons to your flock address'd,
You vices lash, as doubtless you detest.
Young, hardy man! whom thus thy virtues warm,
To combat legions with thy single arm.
What, will you break, and in these iron times,
The charm that binds the villain to his crimes?
In this you, *toto calo*, miss your aim:
Call forth his anger, not his mind-reclaim.

How many a man, the tenor of whose life
With all religion has been long at strife!
For what can these in creeds, or sermons, look,
Save painful threats and many a keen rebuke?
Yet bitter foes shall, trumpet-tongued, arise
(For each the censure dextrously applies)
And, tho' you must, in office, crimes condemn,
Will spurn at ev'ry word, as aim'd at them.
Beside, impartial dealing is enjoin'd,
Between the least and greatest of mankind;
That speaks all out, all artless, and all plain,
In free, unbiass'd, all-commanding strain:
What flows unsought, uncheck'd, from truth alone;
So just to all men, that it favours none.

Yet

Yet ill are all such lectures understood,*
 By poor themselves : you dictate what they shou'd ;
 While rich as you, they surely are as good.

* Doctor Barrow, in his consecration sermon, has the following just and striking sentences, with many others, consentaneous to the lines above: "The good of the church," says he, "requires, that the priesthood be well protected, well provided for, and well regarded. That men be converted from iniquity, and induced to the sincere practice of virtue, is the chief good of the church; that to which the favour of God is annexed, and upon which the salvation of souls doth rely. And this good mainly depends, partly upon the due execution of the priestly office, partly upon the fit disposition of the people to comply therewith: and to both these effects, the comfortable estate of the priesthood is conducive and requisite. The priest must be capable to instruct with advantage; and the people disposed to learn with readiness. He must lead, and they follow cheerfully in the paths of righteousness. Which alacrity how can he be master of, whose mind, care, and grief, the inseparable companions of a needy estate, do continually distract and discompose? Whose spirit is dejected with constant regret and frequent disappointments? Can he be free and expedite in the discharge of his duty, who is perplexed with the difficulties, and incumbered with the varieties of secular business, (such as the exigencies of a narrow condition do necessarily induce)? No: few there be, that, with Epictetus, can philosophate in slavery; or, like Cleanthes, draw water all the day, and study all the night. But admit it possible," continues he, "a man may be both extremely indigent, and sufficiently resolute (that is strong without food, and fat by digesting the thin air): yet, in that case, with what regard shall his free and faithful advice be entertained?"

It is much to be lamented, as the Bishops would undoubtedly, wish to see their Clergy, and every degree of them within their several Dioceses, decently supported, that their privilege of interference should remain so limited with respect to the condition of stipendiary curates. They are not allowed to fix, for the maintenance of any person, who has the care of a parish, however large, in that capacity, more than fifty pounds annual. It might possibly at the time the act was passed, that is, above threescore years ago, be considered as something like an handsome provision, I mean at least for a single person, and till he got something better (which, if he merited, he had a chance very soon of doing;) but can at this time scarce pro-

But

But you, a groundling, censure a grandee !
 Or, doing it, be richer ! better he !
 'Tis here your mod'rate confidence shall pass
 For matchless impudence, like want of grace !
 The polish'd manners of the age rebuke you ;
 And all shall either hate, or overlook you.
 And yet your fame you study to defend !

That all your precepts were with candour penn'd :
 That all were founded on the best of laws,
 And what you pleaded was the noblest cause.
 In vain your plea (who, then, would not forego ?)
 Tho' from your tongue Cecropian honey flow !
 In vain : should heav'n itself each word inspire,
 Or seraphs touch your purer lips with fire !
 Some sanctimonious female once displease ;
 O'er cups of tea, she breaks you at her ease.
 There's none like her could, wonderfully, teach,
 E'en heard she Paul at Athens, Paul to preach :
 But poor Gamaliel should incur disgrace,
 For she would send his pupil from the place.

I spare your patience, and will not relate
 The various ills, that still behind await ;

cure him even an ordinary subsistence : though there are many livings, large ones, and with difficult services, for which the officiating clergyman is allowed no more. But will an administration, then, who are endeavouring to make all other Religions easy, do nothing for their own ? This will soon quench the spirit of emulation among us to excel in learning, and the study of Divinity.

Nor

Nor speak of those that, ev'ry where abroad,
Revere not you, religion, or your God;
But hope to sleep out endless years to come,
With Toland, Hobbs and St. John, in the tomb.
Such philosophic footerkins abound!
In many a noble patron to be found.
What methods take to live on terms with these?
But, more, what methods will you take to please?
Of church-preferments merchandise they make,
The boldest bidder shall the bargain take;
For in this province we shall frequent see
An abler Simon, with his golden key:
(Magician grave! he modern Peter mocks,
And th' adamant gate with ease unlocks.)
Or else for bread, the parents have agreed,
Some younger son should damn his father's creed.

In most employments we have seen the gains
Bear some, if small, proportion to the pains.
The ploughman, ever, trusts the faithful soil;
And halcyon evenings crown the sailor's toil.
In fruitless tasks 'tis your's alone t' engage,
And give your labours to an impious age.

" But this is hasty, and too harsh appears!"
'Tis truth, suppress'd for nine revolving years.

Who

Who taught, had learnt it for scarce less a time;
 And could at length to tell it be a crime?
 Perchance, while downy slumber seal'd your eyes,
 You saw some Druid's rev'rend form arise,
 Or Caliph's awful voice, or Mufti's heard,
 Or Magus hoar, or Hierophant appear'd:
 And He by soft enchantments led astray
 Your wilder'd footsteps thro' this devious way.
 Mere phantoms all! they live not in these times;
 Or live in foreign and far-distant climes.

Sick of such usage, you may look around,
 To mend your fortunes, and to change your ground!
 But whither? how? your wounded name shall run,
 To mar whatever you might, else, have done.
 The colour from your cheek begins to fly:
 And in the middle of your days---you die.

Perhaps, had you possess'd the Pander's fame,
 Or in the Chase proclaim'd your mighty name,
 Been at Elections prompt with many a lie,
 Or known with skill to cog the falling Die;
 Far other honours had your temples bound,
 And your late fun gone down with glory crown'd!

" But is then this religion's noblest aim,
 " That those who triumph in her deathless name,

" May

" May thus her sons with cruel scorn receive,
 " While they unfriended shall in silence grieve?"
 Ere scenes like these, your indignation raise,
 Think, tho' supreme the labour, so the praise:
 Thro' life, to be, what once apostles were,
 And O! if not their painful deaths to bear,
 Yet, in eternal worlds, in bliss to share!

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END OF THE SECOND EPISTLE.

P O S T S C R I P T.

IN what follows, the author takes leave of his subject; and then concludes, in the epistolary way, with himself.

YOU might in trine your happy stars behold:

Your boon companion, bounty, and your gold!
 Yet some to consanguinity have given,
 And some to royalty, this place in heaven.
 Illustrious constellation, while but one,
 Benignly bright, on silent virtue shone!
 That beauteous orb hath long withdrawn its face,
 And leaves its radiant walk a darken'd space.

While fell corruption rears its hundred heads,
 And o'er the land a swift infection spreads;
 While science weeps abandon'd and forlorn,
 And virtue from her last asylum torn:
 The muse, indignant, strove her voice to raise,
 In these incondite, sympathetic lays!

F

You.

You see the meed that must your merits crown,
 In sylvan hamlet, or the busy town :
 Th' exceptions I discern are only few,
 O may the next I welcome fall on you.
 But while I write declines the golden day,
 And time with noiseless pinion steals away.

This plaintive harp, then, I for you have strung,
 Be hence in silence on the willows hung.

For me, so much most freely be confess,
 When first ambition fir'd my childish breast,
 And pleasing hopes began to cheat my toil,
 Tho' science coyly deign'd a single smile :
 Had ev'ry due improvement, that I made,
 For empty praises been with stripes repaid,
 I, now, might have th' inflicting hand forgiven,
 Nay more, devoutly thank'd indulgent heaven.
 The kindling sparks had soon decay'd away :
 Much cost been sav'd, and many an anxious day :
 For not untrain'd, not unprepar'd, have I
 Assum'd this office of the ministry.
 Nine winters me the silver lamps of night
 To school conducted with unfading light :
 Their fires renew'd, ere I have backwards trod,
 By many a twinkling cot, the gloomy road.
 What hopes were they, that heat nor bitter cold,
 Thro' changing seasons, even then, controul'd !

But

But most grow wise too late, and heav'n repays
 Its flighted lessons, thro' a length of days.
 'Twas in these scenes our friendship first begun,
 Five tedious winters had their courses run :
 Those yet remaining, you, but then a child,
 Fast by my side, with many a tale beguil'd :
 And ripening manhood, scornful of the past,
 Looks on to future scenes with eager haste.
 Brisk fancy trod on academic soil ;
 Saw now transplanted, and e'en crown'd, my toil !

But fin original, alas ! clings to me,
 And born wrong side the river was t' undo me ;
 And fortune hardly will the pains requite,
 I took for some whose birth was on the right.

Why tell of years, that henceforth roll'd away ?
 Lamented, if not, quite, inglorious they.

Of me how heav'n, in future, may dispose,
 'Tis He, alone omniscient, only knows :
 But this I trust that, living and in death,
 Until I cease to draw this vital breath,
 The man, that values less than virtue life,
 Shall wage with virtue's foes eternal strife ;
 And that no change in fortune may controul
 This only bent and bias of my soul.

An

An anxious father (but his cares are o'er,
 And I the object of such cares no more!)
 Perhaps might never once discern the meed,
 For me, observant of his will, decreed :
 Or what the fortunes of his much-lov'd son
 In coming years, when he was dead and gone.
 He, best of parents, knew not this ! and who
 Can ward those evils, which he never knew ?
 And yet, with youth and youthful fires decay'd,
 While ev'ry soft illusion seems to fade,
 Each year less pleasing to succeed the past,
 And all around me turns one barren waste ;
 Some softer sounds, sent happy to betray
 The various labours of the rugged way,
 Have strangely reach'd me : from afar they came ;
 Then died away, responsive to my name.
 How much too pleasing is the breath of praise !
 But ***** hath pass'd encomiums on my lays :
 My verses Drummond spake of ere he died ;
 A third now seated near his sov'reign's side.

F I N I S.



ERRATA. Page 8, line 13, for a fortnight, *read* three weeks.—P. 10, l. 21, for Heav'n
 r. Heaven, and l. 23, the reverse.—P. 14, l. 17, dele the last comma; l. 21, the semicolon
 should be only a comma; and l. 25, the former comma should be after the first word, instead
 of where it stands.—P. 15, l. 1, for unstained r. unstain'd; and l. 14, for unobserved, r. un-
 observ'd.—P. 6, l. 18, dele the second comma, and l. 29, a comma is wanting after the word
or.—P. 14, l. 13, for dissentions, r. dissensions.—P. 18, l. 7, dele the comma.—P. 22, l. 14,
 a semicolon wanting at the end; l. 25, dele the last comma, and p. 30, l. 16, the first.—P.
 32, l. 13, dele the comma.